## MORE EXTORTION.

The Sugar Trust Finds a Robber Ally in Standard Oil.

A Workingman's Family Taxed \$11 a Year on Sugar Alone.

Now Comes a Gigantic Deal to Make Kerosene Oil Dearer.

The audacious moves of the conspirators at the head of the great Sugar Trust, which have gradually forced the price of that family necessity far beyond what it should be, thus lining their pockets with the hard earnings of the poor, have awakened widespread indignation among those who suffer most by the unlawful " squeeze."

That these people should be permitted to go on in this way, ' cornering ' articles of necessity and then advancing their cost to any figure they see fit, in violation of the laws of God and the State, is a gross outrage and is a matter that calls for some action on the part of those whose duty it is to prosecute

the part of those whose duty it is to prosecute them." said a retail grocer in a tenement-house on the east side this morning.

"When the Trust was organized in the Fall of 1887 everybody 'kicked' because they were asked to pay a haif cent more than they had been in the habit of paying.

"Of course, growling about it didn't do any good, and the only thing that could be done was to grin and bear it.

"Since then there has been a steady advance, but there has been little agitation over the matter; but now when they come forward and increase the price far beyond any reasonable figure, it is time, I say, that a halt should be called.

"Just to think of it, the Trust has

should be called.

Just to think of it, the Trust has squeezed out a net profit of over \$8,000,000 (exact figures \$8,230,000), and that in less than five months!

Well, it is very easy to understand how this is done when we see the engreenements. this is done when we see the enormous amount

of sugar that is used.

"Take, for instance, the family of the poorest workingman; they use on an average a pound of sugar a day—seven pounds a

At the increased price, that is about three At the necesset price, that is about three cents a pound, the consumer is robbed of 21 cents a week, about 90 cents a month—nearly \$11 a year.

"If a man was compelled to pay that

"If a man was compelled to pay that amount in a lump at the beginning or end of the year as a tax on some article of subsistence what a row there would be. They would fight first before giving it up.
"I am glad to see 'The Evenino World come out so thoroughly against this gigantic robbery, and hope that the authorities will be stirred to do their duty in the matter."
And right on the heels of what the Sugar Trust is doing comes the report of a big deal in petroleum—another necessity that affects the wage-worker.

the wage-worker.

The Standard Oil Company and the producers of Pennsylvania petroleum have completed a deal by which the latter realize a profit of over six cents a barrel, or between \$200,000 and \$220,000. #200,000 and #230,000.

Of course this extra profit must be squeezed out of somebody, and as a result the poorer class of people, who are compelled by necessity to burn kerosene, will be the ones to suffer.

Everybody who has Read "AFTER DARK" will begin WILKIE COL. LINS'S Latest Thrilling Romance, "BLIND LOVE," with the Opening Chapters in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Flannel Shirts in the Cabinet.

[Philadelphia Telegraph's Washington Letter.]
At the Cabinet meeting to-day, when the thermometer registered 89 degrees, the grave subject said to have been under discussion was whether or not Cabinet officers might wear flannel shirts. Secretary Rusk proposed the subject just after Mr. Blaine had told a funny story that made them laugh so told a funny story that made them laugh so hard that the perspiration ran down the President's back, wilting his white collar, and so exercised the Secretary of hayseed as to completely 'emelish the starch in his shirt front. Mr. Rusk then brought up the fiannel shirt question. It had been on his mind for some time, and he became eloquent as he snlarged upon the comforts and beauty of that style of dress. He said that these shirts were the salvation of farmers in the harvest field and at the thrashing machine, and that he had never been so happy in his life as when he wore one—a heavy homespun, none of your newfangled, half-silk gauze, Mr. Blaine, it is understood, rather approved of the idea, but he thought the soft silk or crape was better than the fiannel. It was too serious a question, however, to decide at one meeting, whether the Cabinet might be perfectly comfortable if they chose. The President and Mr. Wanamaker, who were about to start for whether the Cabinet might be perfectly comfortable if they chose. The President and Mr. Wanamaker. who were about to start for Cape May, were of course at liberty to put on fiannel shirts if they wanted to, but whether or not the Cabinet could adopt them was a question too weighty to be settled without the services of a Commission. But Uncle Jere's description of the comfort of the shirt shook the foundation of Cabinet dignity until it tottered. But for the cool appearance of Mr. Proctor and the dignity of General Harrison, it is believed that he would have secured Cabinet sanction of the fiannel.

The Wrong Man.

Tax Collector—Oh, if you live in the suburbs you're not the man I'm looking for. Spinks—Probably not; my name is mud.

Godfrey had met the charming sisters a few

weeks before at a neighboring country seat.

BRIEF AND POINTED WITTICISMS BY OUR POPULAR FUNNY MEN.

An Unpleasant Reminder.



Miss Wallison-I see you've got your wrapping off, Mr. Dresser. Mr. Dresser-Wapping? I don't understand you, deah gyrl.

Miss Wallison—Why, Brother Jim said you were beautifully done up at the athletic club True Realism

[From the Fliegende Blatter.]

" Well, sir, you heard me sing Masaniello yesterday. Are you ready to engage me?" 'I don't know. Your voice was very heavy. You were almost hoarse," "In heaven's name, don't you understand that I am a realistic player? Don't you see that Masaniello was a fisherman, and almost all day in the water. He must have had a continual

Time-3 A. M.

Wife (arousing husband)—Archibald ! There's a burglar downstairs. Husband (drowsily)—Is there! Well, keep quiet, perhaps he'll strangle your mother.

Wife-Mr. Blower, you've always claimed to be a man of push, haven't you? Husband-That's what I claim to be, dearest, and I'm always ready to stand by that

assertion.
Wife—Then what's the matter with pushing this baby-carriage a tittle, precious?

Wouldn't Let It Interfere.

"And you say you have a very bad case of religion? Then I don't want to hire you. It's impossible to get work out of a negro when he has religion."

"Why, boss, dat aint gwin ter hinder me from 'tendin' ter bisness. I never hab no use fer it 'ceptin' on Sundays an' 'special occasions."

Rebearing for Charades.

Freddy-Now. Charlie, you must propose to Angeline (in her sixth season), and, Angie, you must refuse him. It shall be "Paradise Lost." See? Charles (thoughtlessly) — They'll never

guess it in the world. An Additional Impetus.

'[From the Boston Transcript.]
'' I'm saddest when I sing," she said, when Henry came and caught her in the very act of vocalization. "Are you?" he replied, smoothing the look of agony which ruffled his visage. "Darling, it shall be my constant endeavor to make your life a cheerful one."

Perfectly Satisfactory. "Have you any work on punctuation?" she

asked at the book store. "Sorry to say we are just out." "Well, perhaps you could tell me what I want to know. What does a mark under a

"That is to emphasize the word."
"Oh—I see. Thank you."
And as she passed out a clerk heard her whisper to herself:
"And James put five marks under the word 'Dear!"

Never Enough.

"Look here. enough!"
"No such thing; often had too much, never had enough."

Bill Nye Tells His Experience in Culti-

SULLIVAN CONFIDENT, WHILE KILRAIN ANTICIPATES A "PICNIC."

Dacy and Delancey to Start on a Business Trip-Preparing for the Danforth-Lynch Fight - Athletic Events Te-Day - The Sewanhaka-Corinthian Club's Annua

passage-at-arms, the private opinion entertained by Sullivan of Kilrain and Kilrain's innermost thoughts regarding Sullivan are very interesting. It is a fact that Sullivan holds a very light opinion of Kilrain's fighting abilities. He firmly believes that he is to meet the same man whom he defeated in a three-round boxing contest. feated in a three-round boxing contest at Boston a few years ago. He takes no stock in the reports of Kilrain's alleged great improvement since then. Kilrain on the other hand, honestly believes he is going to have the veriest kind of a picnic in besting the erstwhile "great" John L.—for he no longer considers him at all formidable. He sincerely believes he is "going up" against a broken down man, who cannot possibly have recovered even a small part of his former magnificant. feated in a three-round boxing contest takes no stock in the reports of Kilrain's alleged great improvement since
then. Kilrain, on the other hand, honestly
believes he is going to have the veriest kind
of a picnic in besting the erstwhile "great"
John L.—for he no longer considers him at
all formidable. He sincerely believes he is
"going up" against a broken down man,
who cannot possibly bave recovered even a
small part of his former magnificent
physique that once made him so formidable.
There is no doubt that both famous pugilists will be disagreeably disappointed when
they face each other in the twenty-four foot
ring. For they are, unquestionably, the two ring. For they are, unquestionably, the two finest specimens of the genus pugilist that have ever met to prove which is the "better"

Billy Dacey and Jack Delancey leave Monday for San Francisco. These two plucky light-weights intend to combine business with pleasure. They expect to go on a pleasure trip throughout the Golden State, meantime looking for chances of getting on matches with some of the many boxers who have of late made California the Mecca of their puglistic aspirations.

The Danforth-Lynch fight is the next important battle on the cards. Most of the betting is even. It ought to be a great go, for both men are game and well trained.

Charley Mitchell will make a flying visit to New York on Monday to make a few final purchases for Kilrain's welfare,

The Orange Athletic Club opens its grounds at Grove street. East Orange, this atternoon, with appropriate ceremonies and games. . . .

The regular Saturday games of the Adelphi Athletic Club occur this afternoon at the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds.

To-day promises to be a lively day for the smaller yachts. The inaugural regatta of the Staten Island Athletic Club: the regatta of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, near Larchmon: the Oyster Bay Yacht Club, and the Yonkers Corinthian Yacht Club are among the fixtures.

Admirers of the great English game will flock to Prospect Park this afternoon to see the cricket match between the Brooklyn Cricket Club and the Manhattan.

July 4 Monmouth Park will awake from its torpor. The opening day presents a fin field of racers. The stakes for the entir meeting are very large and have attracted th attention of the first stables in the country. The opening day presents a fine racers. The stakes for the entire

The half-infle race between Dohm, of Princeton, and Downes, of Harvard, at Washington Park, will surely attract a large attendance this afternoon. The race will occur during an interlude in the bicycle racing of the Kines County Wheelmen. Downes has ten yarde start.

ing of the Kings County Wheelmen. Downes has ten yards' start.

If Ted Pritchard, the English middle-weight, will come to America it is probable he can be accommodated with a defeat at the hands of some one of our many c ever boxers of his class. The Englishmen don't seem to have much chance against the American boxers.

On Monday next the Seawanhaka-Corin-thian Yacht Club start on their annual cruise, Among the schooners which may probably take part are the fleet Sea Fox, the metamor-phosed Mayflower, Cavalier and Medusa. The most prominent aloops are the Bedouin, Titania, Mischief, Kathleen, Banshee and Gracia.

The Police Gazetie special train for New Orleans will leave New York by Baltimore and Ohio Railroad (depot foot Liberty street) at 8.30 A. M., Thursday, July 4. arriving in New Orleans at 11 A. M. on Saturday. The rate, exclusive of sleeping car, will be \$31.50 for the round trip. The number of \$31.50 for the round trip. The number of tickets have been limited and are good until

WILKIE COLLINS'S new Novel, BLIND LOVE." Opening Chapters in the SUNDAY WORLD. Don't Fail to Begin this Thrilling Story with the First Instalment.

A Brief Introduction.

[From Judge.] They were seated in the parlor and he was declaring his love in fervent tones. All at once she stopped him with an imperious ges. ture and a look of pain overspread her coun-

"Wait! wait!" she exclaimed in short, sharp tones.

In a moment the sneeze came, and Heloise, looking tenderly up into his face, said, "As you were saying, George?"

Wretched Marriage Customs and the Baby - Widows of India - SUNDAY'S WORLD.

BUDS FROM HUMOR'S GARDEN WHAT THE FIGHTERS THINK. FROM THE CITY'S BY-WAYS. SOMETHING NEW NEXT WEEK

METROPOLITAN LIFE PICTURED BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Improvised Checker Board, Which Answers All Necessary Purposes.

In circulating about the more ragged sections of New York, one's attention is sometimes drawn to the way in which the children In view of the fact of their great coming will devise simple means for playing games. The newsboys have one that they play with pictures taken out of eigarette boxes. There

"PINAFORE" BY JUVENILES AND GERTIE HUMANS IN "THE BURGLAR."

"The Ociah" Will Have Its Fiftieth Per formance-Light Opera at Terrace Garden-" Il Trovatore" at the Grand Opera-House-Other Pleasing Attractions

An elaboration of the pretty little play, "Editha's Burglar," that first made Elsie Leslie famous, will be the principal theatrical novelty next week. It will be called "The Burglar, and will be produced Monday night at the Madson Souare Theatre, coming to that house from Boston, where it made a very favorable impression. The third act is said to be partien-

networks taken out of eigerette boxes. There is an element of granbling it, continued to the clocks. They smoke and talk and ware the clocks are the clock and they clock and they clock and they clock and were using publies, red and white, in the clock and were using publies, red and white, in the clock and were the clock and they clock and ware the clock and wa

afternoon spent in this garden listening to the uneful efforts of Erdelt Nacy and me Bungfor the male sex there is the smoking-for the male sex there is the smoking-for the male sex there is the smoking-are tolerated. The pipe smoker, however, will have a crue time at the Eden Musec. There is a transportation of the chamber of horrors and smoke his pipe in peace. The painting to a smoke his pipe in peace. The painting to a smoke his pipe in peace, the painting to a smoke his pipe in peace. The painting to a smoke his pipe in peace is the smoker of the smok

Frank G. Carpenter Writes of the Child Widows of India for the SUNDAY WORLD.

Where the Salt Came From.



Jones (who has been taking a Turkish bath) 'The water was very briny. Where do you

get your salt?
Colored Attendant—night from Turkey.

The Money Saved.

[From the New York Weekly.]
Detective—I have discovered, sir, that your confidence bookkeeper, Mr. De Clerk, is a defaulter to the extent of many thousands of dollars. As he has lived plainly, and has not gambled in stocks, he must still have all your money in his possession, but if we arrest him you will never get it, of course, and if we corner him and try to compromise for half or two-thirds, he will probably skip to Canada with the whole boodle. Business Man-My goodness! Mr. De

Clerk!
Mr. De Clerk—Yes, sir,
Business Man—Mr. De Clerk, a few days
ago I refused you the hand of my daughter,
and I afterwards employed this gentleman,
who is a detective, to look closely into your
personal character and past history. His report refers in such detail to your correct
habits and business aptitude that I have
changed my mind. You shall have her.

"BLIND LOVE," the Latest Thrilling Romance by WILKIE COLLINS. begins in the SUNDAY WORLD. Don't Fail to Start this Story with the First Instalment.

Western Journalism.

Tough-Who writ that article about me is this paper?
, Editor-You want the writer's name?

No: his skalp's what I'm after.'

almost registered the document (only he did | there? There can be no sort of incivility in | peal of the door-bell, now almost a terrible my not waiting in to receive a visitor who has never said he was coming, though it would hardly do for us both to be out," and off she

hardly do for us both to be out," and off she ran, laughing.
First, Susie made up the fire—made it up so deftly and artfully that it cast a shining glow into every corner and evoked sparkles from every responsive surface. Then she pushed and turned all the small tables and chairs and stands wherewith the place abounded, hither and thither, till each showed at its best, and finally she drew half-way down the bright red window blinds.

inviting.

Last of all, the little fairy adorned herself. She did not after her dress, nor yet the fashion of her hair—a casual observer would have said she came down very much as she

is well adapted. The stimulus which it lends to the action of the kidneys when they are lethargic, serve to counteract a tendency in them to lapse, first, into a state of pernicious inactivity, and afterwards into one of positive or permitted inactivity, and afterwards into one of positive organic disease, which soon destroys their delicate integuments, poisons the blood and causes death. A double purpose is served by this depurent. It promotes activity of the kidneys, and expels impurities from the blood which have no natural channel of outles, except these organs. Constipation, billiodmess, favorand ages, they are described in the constitution of the consti and ague, rheumatism, and dyspepsia, are also died by this medicine of thorough action and wide

DYSPEPSIA IN ITS WORST FORMS WILL pield to the use of CARTER'S LITTLE NERVE PILLS, added by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Dose, one of each after eating.

AMUSEMENTS.

BIJOU THEATRE, BROADWAY, NEAR 30TH ST
125TH TO 135TH PERFORMANCES,
17TH AND POSITIVELY LAST WEEK,
HOYT'S GREATEST SUCCESS,
A MIDNIGHT BELL

H. R. JACOBS 3D AVE. THEATRE

JULY 1-HIS NATURAL LIFE WN. KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL.

Austin Sister Asyral Wonders, Phenomenon, Matiness MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, PARTICIPAT.

A CADEMY ALL RESERVED BARTHOLOSTEW S. ARCTHOLOSTEW S. ARCTHOLOSTEW S. S

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
CHAND OPERA-HOUSE.
CHAND OPERA-HOUSE.
FAUST.' Regins at 8, 15.
English Opera.
Next week "Trovatore" and the Bohemian Girl.

CASINO Breadway and 39th at THE BRIGANDS
Continuous Roof Garden Concert, 7,39 to 12.
Admission 30 cents, including both entestainments
MANHATTAN BEACH.
A SUCCESSFUL AND BRILLIANT SPECTACLE.
Every evening except Sunday and Mondays.
147H SF.

WORTH'S PALACE MUSEUM. 14TH ST. Hull, the man with the iron skull; Manning, the egg crank, eats 100 eggs every day. Closes for the season SUNDAY, June 30, with bene-fit to employees. THEISS'S NEW MUSIC HALL AND ALHAM-

EDEN MUSEE CONCERTS 19<sup>TH</sup> ST. Have you ever heard OF OF OPPONOGRAPH? GETTYEBURG

Bill Nye Tells His Experience in Culti-vating Bees. Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

To-night, Prince Methusalem, with Arnold Kind-ty's Ballet. Sunday, Extra Sacred Concert.

BY L. B. WALFORD, Author of "Mr. Smith: A Part of his Life," "The Baby's Grandmother," "Troublesome

Daughters," &c., &c. morning, noon and night, he told himself that come what might, this prize should not alip from him as the others had done.

She would be worth the winning, that bright-eyed, gladsome maid. What graceful form would adorn his sombre old halts as hers would? What ringing voice would ever sound more sweetly along his echoing cor-CHAPTER II. Now, every word spoken by Susan Ashburton in the above petulant defense of her lover-for her lover she believed, and with justice, the young Squire, Godfrey Pollard, hers would? What ringing voice would see sound more sweetly along his echoing corridors? What light step ever trip more merrily by his side? Who—to sum up all—who had ever heretofore cast such a glamour over the dogtrot monotony of his daily life, or might be trusted to illumine or transform it in the future, would she but become his to be-was strictly to the purpose, and she had shown the instinct of a quick-witted and warm-hearted woman in her divination.

and the youngest had then and there made a Conquest of his heart,

But how was he to evince this? And further, how should he ever be able to evoke a response?

The young man was shy to distraction when his feelings were in the question. But he was not without a certain dignity of demeanor, and the absolute security of his position, the absence of all need to make his presence known in any company.

it in the future, would she but become his own?

Such emotions working within young Godfrey's honest breast did for him what, with all his resolution, he might never have been able to accomplish for himself. Being too strong for repression, they manifested themselves. Up to this time his adorations had been only too easily hidden from view.

Thus he had no need to toil in his wooing. But from some maladroit foolishness he had, all the same, let Susan depart without putting the all-important question. He had gazed at her with hungry eyes, dogged her footsteps with persistent feet, hearkened with the ecstasy of a lover, applauded with the reverence of a worshipper: but he had stopped short with a lump in his throat when it had come to putting into plain English the one short sentence which should have been the confirmation—or the ruin—of all his present happiness.

self as he rode home through the darkness upon that last night, on which that last "Good-by" and nothing more was said.

Then he thought of writing to Susie, but writing was to him little abort of the rack. He had no notion of what to say, nor, worse still, of how to spell some of the big words which he fancied should on such an occasion be inserted. His handwriting, too—confound it—he did wish he wrote a more decent hand.

it!—he did wish he wrote a more decent hand.

It ended in this, that for a whole month nothing was done. For a whole month Matilda and Susan wondered whether anything ever would be done, and at length one at least of the two was beginning to think not.

The Lawrences, with Susie, had returned to town the first week in October, and it was on the 2d of November that the latter, gazing drearily out down the lamp-lit street, heard the postman's knock, and experienced the subsequent tremor of uncertainty, agitation and secret delight, which found vent as narrated in the last chapter.

A noble idea had dawned upon Godfrey.

He would chact the young fellow of the period—the careless, come-and-go man about town—he would not appear to attach any importance to his visit, he would throw an air of carelessness and ease over it, which, while it should raise curiosity and interest, should not permit a natural piece of attention to be

young men to young ladies and their chap-erons—Harry Bibbery and Tom Trotters had told him so repeatedly—so accordingly this was sure to be quite the thing that Mrs. Lawwas sure to be quite the thing that Mrs. Law-rence and her sisters were accustomed to. Operas? He searched up and down the paper, but could find no opera advertised (naturally, for it was the month of November, and we are still so benighted as to have no opera all the year round in London), and thus everything seemed to point to a play. In a fever of excitement, and in the veriest sloweh of ignorance, he nitched upon a nece slough of ignorance, he pitched upon a piece (it was the poorest and feeblest going), wrote that he fancied he had heard Miss Ashburton that he fancied he had heard Miss Ashburton say she would like to go to it (she had dene nothing of the kind) and wound up by offering three tickets for the dress circle,

N. B.—One of the tickets was of course for George Lawrence, but at the time the note was received, and during the week which followed, he was absent on circuit.

"I suppose it's all right?" concluded God.

lowed, he was absent on circuit.
"I suppose it's all right?" concluded God-frey to himself, as he folded and directed the epistle. "The dress circle? It must be all right, it sounds the correct thing. Anything 'dress' must be the correct thing," and off portance to his visit, he would throw an air of carelessness and ease over it, which, while it should raise curiosity and interest, should not permit a natural piece of attention to be made for much of. He would observe that as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has a passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe has as he was passing the night in London—observe ha went the missive.

By return of post his best hopes were fulfilled. He received the readiest and cheer-

check) on receipt of the pieces of pasteboard.

We may here just remark that as the seats had not been priced in the newspaper advertisement, no cluo had been obtainable from them regarding their relative merits.

Everything thus in trim, the young Squire had a mighty run with the hounds, and told every one who chanced to be in his company throughout the day that he should not be out on the following Thursday, as he was running up to town for a few days, and—and—and could not say, in short could not exactly say when he should be back.

not know exactly how) and he isithfully promised a check (Godfrey always paid by check) on receipt of the pieces of pasteboard.

CHAPTER III. "If he has been stupid enough not to have those tickets sent straight from the box office here we shan't get them till Thursday morn-ing." ca culated Mati'da Lawrence, two days

ing." ca culated Mati'da Lawrence, two days having passed during which nothing further had been heard from Godfrey. "It is tiresome, for if he had written again?"

"Why should he write again?"

"I thought he might have sent a line to say he had ordered the tickets to come to me direct, or something of the kind. And if he had, I could have replied, and asked him to dine here on Friday."

"Well, you can do it at the time."

"Yes, I can do it at the time."

"Yes, I can do it at the time."
Thursday morning came, but even Thursday morning brought not the expected ockets. The two looked at each other, each reading her sister's face.

"He must intend to call himself with them," said Mrs. Lawrence at length, with a bright idea. "How stupid of us not to have thought of that!"

"I—I did think of it, Mattie."

way down the bright red window blinds, which contributed almost as much as did the blazing hearth towards the mock sunshine of the apartment. All complete, the dult little chamber looked quite wonderfully cosy and

have said she came down very much as she went up, after that brief stay in her own room—but Matilda would have known better. Are there not mysteries—subtle, intangible, magic arts—which do at such times "gild refined gold," and "pour perfume upon the violet?" A touch here, a touch there, a ribbon, a clasp, a sunny lock drawn acroes the brow—the meiest nothings—and yet the desired result is there.

Matilda saw, of course, as we have said she would; but Matilda also saw something else when she came in at 2 o'clock, namely, that

would but Matilda also saw something else when she came in at 2 o'clock, namely, that all the little effort had been thrown away. No one had been there. After lunch the drawing-room fire was again made up to blaze and sparkle, and again Matilda—kind soul—went out. In vain, as before. The darkness settled swiftly down over the narrow steed the langua wars lit below the

peal of the door-bell, now almost a terrible sound, and on each occasion the summons was followed up by voices and steps in the hall below—one hears everything in these shallow little shells of houses—and each opening of the door subsequently brought its pang of disappointment.

A chance visitor—somebody who on any other day would have been welcome enough, and who, as it was, had to be met with the farce of welcome and hearkened to with the appearance of attention—that was all.

Lower and lower sank one poor little heart, as the minutes flew on, oh, so cruelly fast.

The only bope Susie now had was that if neither she nor Matilda were at the readescont, Godfrey might leave the place and come to inquire what had happened. For that chance she attired herself.

But she had scarcely fastened the last pin and turned to gather up her gloves and fan, and thrown ber warm plush cloak (in order to deceive Matilda) over her arm, when hark! What was that? The door-bell; the loud, discordant, clanging door-bell again.

What was that? The door-bell; the loud, discordant, clanging door-bell again.

Pit-pat, pit-pat, nit-pat, goes her heart. A man's voice, a man's step, a man's broad shoulders (she had a distinct glimpse of them, and of a dark head), disappearing through the drawing-room door.

"I think, Mattie," says Susun, peeping in at Matilda's door, and speaking very gently, "I think—he—is here. Shall I go down?"

Down she goes.

Down she goes. Almost in less time than it takes to tell it she is up again.

'Oh, Matilda," she says, with well-acted carelessness, for this time the maid is present,

'Oh, Matilda, will you go downstairs to the drawing-room as soon as you are ready, Your brother-in-law, Major Lawrence, is

Then our poor little heroine suddenly van-Then our poor intre persons and interest moment of all has brought, but the burning eyes which this last bitterest moment of all has brought.

(To be continued.)

of his position, the absence of all need to make his presence known in any company, supplied him with the perfect calm which restless insignificance can never know.

But to be easy and quietly well bred is one thing, to play the galant homme is another.

Godfrey had regained his serenity, and at twenty-five had learned his lesson, and at length when it came to pass that he was "hit" as he had never been "hit" before, and that he found himself musing upon sweet Susan Ashburton, dreaming of kind Busan Ashburton, and having the form of pretty Susan Ashburton before his eyes, secstasy of a lover, applauded with the reverse of a worshipper; but he had stopped short with a lump in his throat when it had come to putting into plain English the one short sentence which should have been the confirmation—or the ruin—of all his present Ah, well! the poor boy almost cursed him.

Since the concerts, theatres, entertamments of softly to him self as he went.

Softly to himself as he went.

How stupid of us not to have thought of that!

The darkness settled swiftly down over the narrow street, the lamps were lit below, the blinds drawn and the shutters closed all on more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it then.

Some to putting into plain English the one should have been the could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it then.

So quiet then.

The darkness settled swiftly down over the narrow street, the lamps were lit below, the blinds drawn and the shutters closed all one one trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he had the first could no more trust it than he ha